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OUR TRAVELLER



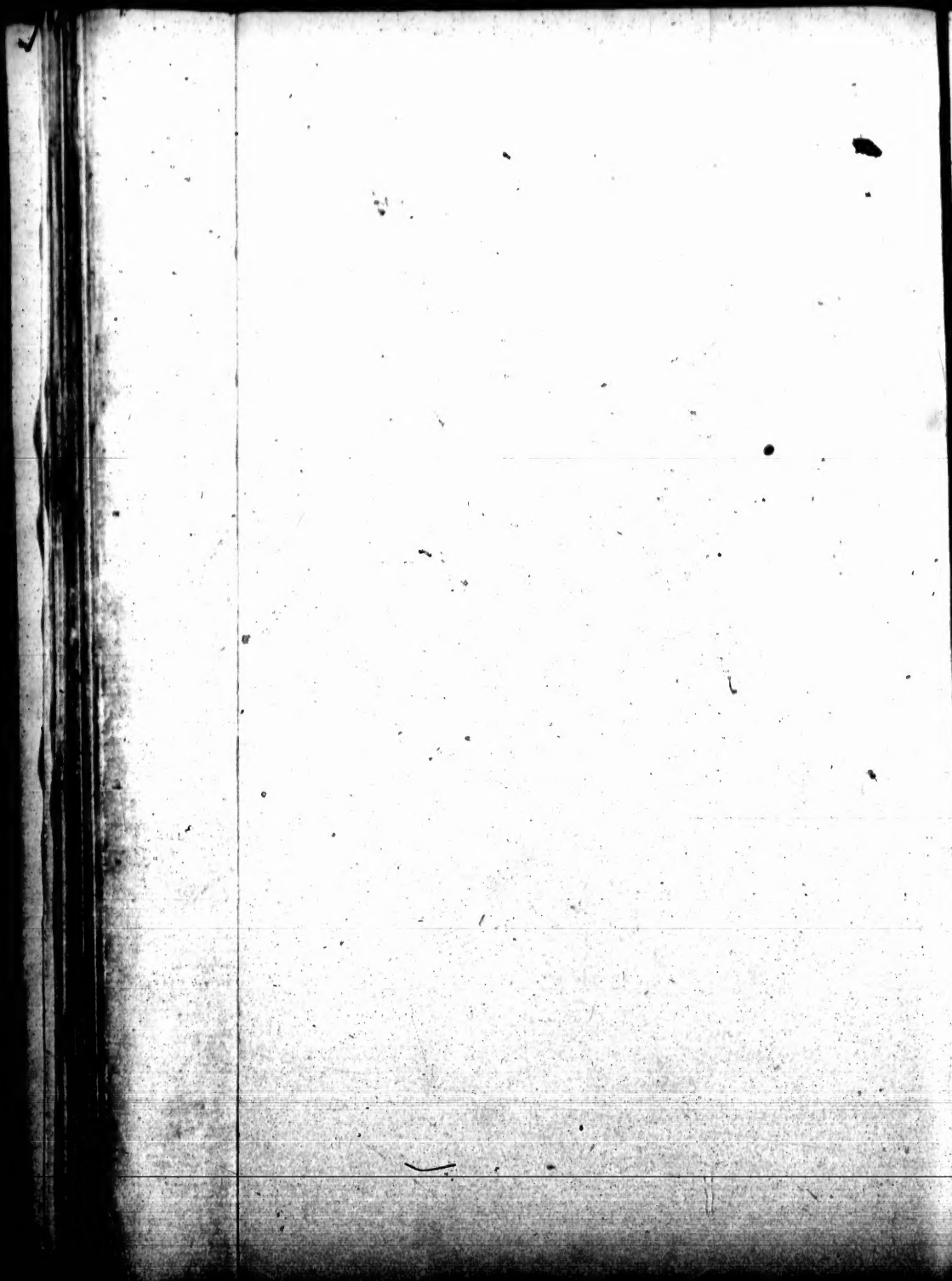
WITH THE VALISE

A NEW POEM
BY JAMES ELLIOTT,
OF PARRY SOUND.

TO
ARTHUR L. WILSON, ESQ.,
OF EGLINGTON, YONGE ST.,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR,
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF ESTEEM
AND GRATITUDE.

Toronto :
PRINTED BY BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH,
55 and 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
1882.



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PREFACE

TO PART I. OF

OUR TRAVELLER WITH THE VALISE.

The author of this little volume is of opinion that an explanation of his reasons for writing it may be necessary towards insuring it a greater measure of success. He lives in the Township of McKellar, in the District of Parry Sound, where he has a large family of small children. It is a new and a rough country at the best, and it is harder work to obtain the necessaries of life up there than in this more avowed section. In the township and village of McKellar, "Truck" reigns a king upon a throne of empty store barrels and boxes; and those who have been mainly instrumental in placing him in power are a small company or firm of Government road contractors, and contractors for getting out saw logs for the Lumber Companies, who own the greater part of the village of McKellar, and whose daily scheming and nightly dreaming has been to obtain a monopoly of all the business transacted in that section of the country.

It has been one of the author's greatest misfortunes in life to have been obliged by the circumstances in which he was placed to work for and deal with these persons for years, and take his pay at the hands of King Truck in goods out of their store in McKellar, at an average of about twice as much as such goods would have cost him in the town of Collingwood or the city of Toronto. One of the business maxims upon which they appeared to depend most for success in life was to give as little as possible for what they had to buy, and get as much as possible for what they had to sell. Is it any wonder that under such a system the author should have found it very difficult to provide for the pressing wants of a large family of little ones; that it required his utmost efforts, his incessant exertions to keep them supplied with the bare necessaries of life, and that he and his family have often suffered from an insufficient supply of food and clothing under

these circumstances? Surely, kind friends, you will not blame him for greatly desiring a change for the better—you will not blame him for earnestly wishing for some avenue of escape from such a state of servile vassallage—from such a state of Egyptian bondage—surely you will not wonder that under such circumstances he should feel anxious to try something that would place him above the necessity of working under the tyrannical rule of old King Truck; and, kind friends, will you not aid him in this object? It will only require that you purchase one of his little books for such a very small sum that even the poorest person among you will not miss it for half a day—only the cost of a couple of plugs of tobacco or two or three glasses of beer, and the gratification you would receive from these would last you but for a short time, while the benefit you might receive from the book he offers you for ten cents might last you for a lifetime—might influence your destiny for time and eternity. The knowledge that his family are now suffering sadly from want of a seasonable and sufficient supply of boots and clothing prompts him to appeal with persistent perseverance to the better feelings of your nature for help, for countenance, for encouragement, for aid to enable him to inaugurate a better state of things than has, for the reasons he has mentioned, prevailed in his home in the far north. Please to show that your ears are not deaf to the voice of humanity, that your hearts are not so encrusted with the sulphurous sediment of selfishness that not a single ray from the benignant sun of benevolence can penetrate to them. Other reasons than those mentioned also influenced the writer of this preface in his present course of action. His eldest son, at an early age, and under the influence of a few months' schooling in one winter season, showed a strong propensity for writing rhymes. He learned to write as if by inspiration, and his talents were developed by the stories and poetry he read in the first numbers of the Canadian series of school books, and he wrote so well and so fluently, that he was promised, as a reward for his exertions, that his verses would be printed. Accordingly, after they had reached to a sufficient number for an experimental volume of a sufficient size to sell for ten

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cents, they were written out in a better hand by the
 writer of this preface, but just as Forbes wrote them him-
 self, and in the fall of 1880, after a short preface had
 been written for them, they were placed in the printer's
 hands. The writer was enabled, through the generosity
 of Wm. Duncan, Esq., of York Township, and his noble
 family of sons, to obtain the one thing especially
 necessary to the carrying out of this project, as his own
 means were so limited, and the author takes this oppor-
 tunity of returning his most grateful and heartfelt thanks
 for the material aid they gave him. First John Duncan,
 near Richmond Hill, aided him with a loan of \$4, and
 then David and Henry Duncan, of East York, each let
 him have a loan of a similar sum, and lastly, old Mr.
 Duncan and his youngest son, Arthur Wellington Nelson
 Durican, of West York, each contributed a like amount,
 and he has hopes that James Duncan, another son of
 this most worthy old gentleman, will not refuse to re-
 spond to an appeal for help, even as his father and
 brothers have done. After the book was published, Mr.
 Morton, the printer, advised that the best way to dispose
 of it would be by personal application. This advice was
 followed, and "Our Traveller with the Valise," started,
 for an account of whose adventures please to read the
 poem itself. The author hopes it is the first one of many
 he may be spared to write. It was on the 22nd of Sept.
 1880, when the manuscript of "Hunting Adventures"
 was placed in Mr. Morton's hands, and he promised to
 have it ready in about one week, but it was nearly four
 weeks before it was ready for distribution, so that the
 writer had not near so much time as he could have
 wished in which to sell the book before navigation
 would close, being obliged to return home to McKellar
 before the steamers between Collingwood and Parry
 Sound would stop running; however, short as the time,
 and wet as the weather was, and muddy as the roads
 were, the writer met with a most gratifying and en-
 couraging measure of success, thanks to kind friends in
 the Townships of York and King, to the good people of
 the splendid village of Aurora, and the princely mer-
 chants of the thriving town of Collingwood. In Aurora,
 if he had bestirred himself, he could have sold between

50 and 60 copies in one day; and in Collingwood, where he was a comparative stranger, he sold 39 copies in less than one day. The names of most if not all of these kind friends will be found in the last pages of this little volume. As the season was so far advanced when he started to sell the book, he had to leave 500 copies in Toronto, and it was to look after these books—to attend to the publication and disposal of "Our Traveller with the Valise," and for other reasons, that he left his home in the Township of McKellar about noon on Saturday, the 19th day of November. As he expected to find a boat leaving Parry Sound for Collingwood on Monday morning, and he did not like to travel on Sunday, he left McKellar village, 15 miles from Parry Sound, at about half-past 2 o'clock p. m. The roads were of rough, frozen clods, not very pleasant to travel over on foot, and a slight fall of snow made travelling still more wearisome from its badly balling the heels of his boots, so that in his occasional efforts to rid himself of this annoying encumbrance he knocked the heel off one of them, but he did not discover his loss until he was taking them off late at night, preparatory to resting his weary limbs in a not very comfortable bed in a bleak and bare room in Juke's Hotel, in Parry Sound. This place has grown up in a few years from a small hamlet to the size of a small town, and is a great place of resort in the summer time for wealthy people from Toronto and elsewhere, seeking health and recreation from pure air and beautiful scenery. There are two old established hotels; and a splendid new hotel, the Belvedere, has recently been erected in a commanding position on Belvedere Hill. It is intended as a place of resort for summer tourists and visitors. Last summer there were three steamers running between Parry Sound and Collingwood, and between Parry Sound and Wau-bushene, and the competition between them was so keen that fares went down to as low a figure as 25c. between Parry Sound and Collingwood. What Parry Sound needs to rapidly raise her to the status of a small city is a railway, so that she can be easy of access at all seasons of the year. Mr. J. C. Miller, our esteemed and talented local member, has had recently erected for him a large

and beautiful residence, quite a palatial building for so young a place. Thus showing, far-seeing statesman that he is, that he has faith in the future of Parry Sound. May his expectations and anticipations be realized to their fullest extent.

The writer was detained in Parry Sound from Monday morning until Wednesday morning; the little money he had had in his possession when he left home growing gradually less in amount, until he was under the necessity of applying for pecuniary assistance to his friends in need, Mr. Robert Taylor, cashier to the Parry Sound Lumber Co., and Mr. William Ireland, the talented editor and proprietor of the *daily*-conducted *North Star* newspaper, Parry Sound, to continue his journey. This they very generously gave him. Truly he feels all the more grateful to them when he contrasts their conduct with the treatment he has received from others—of which see farther on. It was late on the morning of Wednesday, the 23rd of November, when the "Northern Belle" left Parry Sound and late in the evening when she got to Collingwood, as the wind was blowing hard against her most of the way. This day was the second anniversary of the loss of the ill-fated "Waubuno"—not a very auspicious day on which to make a trip over those wild tumultuous waters, in which the brave but unfortunate crew of the "Waubuno" had found a grave, never to be seen again. After reaching Collingwood, the writer had supper and stayed for the night at Mrs. Pitches' boarding house, near the Northern Railway Station. She is a nice motherly woman—good beds, good board, moderate charges—and her best endeavour is to make her boarders and lodgers comfortable. Left Collingwood the next morning on the five o'clock train; got off at Aurora; had a late breakfast at George Leman's commodious and comfortable hotel, and then left for his brother's home in Richmond Hill, and after dinner left for Toronto, getting a ride with Mr. Joseph Bales (an old friend and school-fellow of his) from Richmond Hill to the "Golden Lion Hotel" corner of Yonge Street, got to Toronto in good time, and the next day visited Morton's printing office, and found his books all right. Having read such glowing accounts of the

fortunes to be made by persons acting as agents for the *American Home Magazine and Illustrated Library*; with fourteen splendid chromos, and thirty excellent portraits of celebrated men, with short biographies of the lives of the persons whose portraits were enclosed, two in each monthly number of the magazine, he resolved to send for an "outfit," and give the business a trial in the way of an experiment, as well as to supplement his book. In good time he received the chromos and sample copies of the magazine; having in the interval, while waiting for them, got a job of work from Coatsworth, of Parkdale, who is extensively engaged in building operations in Parkdale and Toronto. Parkdale is growing with wonderful rapidity; there are dozens, if not scores, of houses and blocks of houses springing up like mushrooms all through and all over it. It is without exception one of the most beautiful suburban villages the writer has ever seen anywhere; with quite a large number of costly, tastefully built, and handsomely ornamented private residences, thickly sprinkled through it, giving a stranger an idea that their owners must be greatly favoured, as far as this world's possessions are concerned. Mr. Coatsworth is himself the owner of one or more of these beautiful buildings. Some parts of the village are as beautiful as a dream of Fairy Land. In Parkdale the writer came across an old Aurora friend and acquaintance, in the person of Tommy Todd, who conspicuously displays his cognomen to the admiring gaze of passers-by, in the single window of a little, dingy, dusty flour and oatmeal store, on Queen-street, not far west of the railway crossings. Another person with whom the writer became acquainted while stopping in Parkdale, and to whom he owes his most grateful thanks for the unvarying kindness with which she treated him during his short acquaintance with her, was Mrs. Lee, a most worthy and estimable young widow lady who keeps a model boarding-house, in a handsome brick building, near the Credit Valley Railway car works. She was the first to subscribe for the magazine and pay for it in advance. Lemuel Todd was the next person visited with the



object of securing a subscription but without success. Too hard up, poor fellow, perhaps he finds the pathway of life a rather rugged road to travel—God help him. The next person to whom application was made, and with success, was Mr. John Powel, who, in partnership with his son (a remarkably fine and handsome young man) keeps a provision and grocery store on Church-street, near Richmond-street, Toronto. Some 35, or more years ago Mr. Powel was working for the writer's father on the 3rd concession of the Township of York, by the month, for he does not remember how many months. And it was while he was thus employed that he became acquainted with and married his estimable wife, who was then working as a hired servant girl in the family of William Duncan, Esq. When they left, it was to start life on a bush farm, in the "Queen's bush." Their lives offer a useful lesson and an example to others who may wish to travel on the road that leads to a comfortable competence. The next person to whom the writer applied was his own cousin, on his mother's side. She was, less than one year ago, a Miss Jane Johnson, a poor seamstress, working hard for her daily bread, a good, a modest, and a virtuous old maid, and yet one of the homeliest looking, the ugliest old maids, as far as face features were concerned, the writer has ever seen. What prompted a respectable-looking old gentleman as Mr. Robertson to make her his wife, is a mystery and a marvel too deep for any line of reasoning, of argument or conjecture in the writer's possession to fully fathom; however, he can at least make an attempt to solve the enigma. Very likely Mr. Robertson, being an old man, felt certain 'he would find her a faithful and a virtuous wife at all times, and in whatever situation she might be placed; or at any rate, or "at all events," her personal attractions would offer very slight temptations to any young man, with loose ideas of virtue and morality, to attempt a flirtation with her. Hold on! Wait a bit! Let him see! Yes, he thinks he has



it now. Has what? Why, that he has obtained a clue to the solution of this difficult question. He sees through it all now as clearly as he could see the sun through a piece of smoked glass. She was one of the first persons to take a book from "Our Traveller with the Valise." Being a poor girl at that time, he gave her a free copy; but she asked him for another one, and paid for it; and, again, exclaiming "I want another one," she got a third copy, and paid for it also. And the writer has half an idea that she used one of these little volumes as a stepping-stone to help her into Mr. Robertson's heart and home; and how greatly flattered he feels to think that his little book should have been the means of bringing about such important results; and in one case, at least, have helped to lift one poor person on



horseback; though upon second thoughts he half regrets it; for, being so greatly elevated, she looked down upon this poor man with contempt; she would hardly notice him or his magazine. So he shook the dust off his feet as a testimony against her, and came away and took up his pen to write the history of this mystery. He left Toronto at half-past three, p.m., on Tuesday, the — of Dec., by stage for Richmond Hill, a beau-

tiful, prosperous, and busy village on Yonge-street, about 14 miles from Toronto; here he stayed over night and left the next morning to see his old friends in Aurora. On his way up the street he visited the hospitable home of Walter Scott, Esq., an old friend and near neighbour of the writer, during the first years of his married life in the Township of King. Mr. Scott's life would, if fully written out, yield many a useful lesson to many others struggling over life's rugged pathway; it would serve as a beacon light to show the right way to success. When Mr. Scott first started in life in King, some 30 years ago, he was not worth \$14 in money; now he is worth about as many thousands, he has a fine farm of near 200 acres near the southern limits of the large and thriving

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town of Aurora, with a fine dairy of about 15 cows, a fine pure bred Durham bull, 7 head of horses and a lot of other stock. Mr. Scott had nearly 1,000 bushels of barley for the season of 1880, and on this he lost nearly \$400 by selling early in the season, the price being greatly lower then than six weeks or two months later. His success in life he owed to persevering industry, economy, a prudent foresight and a wise ordering of his affairs, a living up to and acting upon the teachings of the Bible, with the valuable assistance and good counsels of an estimable wife. Mr. Scott's family consists of six fine sons and two fair handsome daughters. After a short sojourn in Aurora, where, thanks to kind friends, he met with an encouraging measure of success in canvassing for his new book, he returned to the beautiful and aristocratic village of Richmond Hill. This village, from its elevated position, commands a fine view of the splendid farming country around it; here he resolved to to remain for a few days that he might have leisure to prepare his book for the printer. He put up at the Royal Hotel, one of the best and most comfortable hotels in the village, or that he has ever stopped at, and where travellers will find Mr. Hewison, the proprietor, quite a gentlemanly man. The bar-room has one of those old time open fire-places that make a room so cheerful and inviting to the chilled and tired traveller. The good people of Richmond Hill are greatly in advance of a good many other Canadian villages in the educational facilities they offer to the rising generation in the shape of ample and excellent school accommodation. While engaged at his task in the comfortable sitting-room of the Royal Hotel, the writer could not help noticing the large number of handsome, bright-faced and intelligent-looking children of both sexes and of all ages and sizes, attending the fine school-house opposite, all well, and most of them, especially the girls, exceedingly well and tastefully dressed, the clear complexion and bright eyes of these children spoke volumes for the salubrious air of the village. At an early period of his stay in Richmond Hill, he called at the *Herald* office, to see how much the printing of 1,000 copies of his little book would likely cost, and was told "about \$22." He

asked Mr. Keefer to take one of his little books, as it was only ten cents, but he refused. On being asked his reasons for refusing, his reply was: "Money is too scarce." Now, for a man in his place, the Editor of one of the village papers, this answer really looked like a slur or a libel on the village. If he had qualified his answer by adding "with me," it might have been all right. The writer left Mr. Keefer, under the impression that he had come across a man with an Israelitish cast of countenance. After leaving the *Herald's* office, he crossed the street to the office of the Richmond Hill *Liberal*, where he found the editor and proprietor, Mr. Stewart, a genuine gentleman, he paid him for two copies of his book unasked. On telling his business to Mr. Stewart, he went about this business in a business-like manner with a figured rule in his hand, and he came to the conclusion that he could manage the whole thing for about 55c. per page, hardly half as much as they asked for the job at the *Herald's* office. It may perhaps be asked why a person in such needy circumstance should care to stop at a hotel at all. To this he answers, that being in honour bound to prepare his book for the printer, he desired to finish this business with as little delay as possible; and as he could not well attend to this and the business of canvassing for it at the same time, he resolved to attend to the more important business first, and to this end he greatly desired a few days uninterrupted leisure in a quiet and comfortable place, and this he has found to his heart's content, at Mr. Hewison's Royal Hotel in the beautiful village of Richmond Hill; a nice warm room to write in, an amply supplied and luxuriously furnished table, a good clean feather bed, and kind treatment, at the very reasonable rate of \$3 per week. And now, kind friends, my task is about finished. It only remains to append the names of the kind friends who purchased his first volume in the fall of 1880, as far as this can be done, for a good many had not or did not put their names down at all, and not a few were written so lightly or with such a soft pencil that they have become almost entirely obliterated by the friction of the book in his pocket. This he regrets, but cannot help.

Ever yours most respectfully, JAMES ELLIOTT.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 22nd, 1881.

OUR TRAVELLER WITH THE VALISE.

On a mild and misty morning,
In the brown month of October,
Forth there issued from the dwelling
Of Mistress C——, near Weston village,
A rather tall and long-leg'd traveller;
In his hand a square, black valise,
Fill'd with books of poems and ballads,
Written by a youthful genius
Of the Township of Mc-

Kellar,

In quite a picturesque region
Of our long and wide Do-
minion,

Full of lakes with rippling
waters,

Full of rocks, and full of
rivers,

Wood-crown'd hills, and
rocky ridges,

Interspersed with fertile valleys,

Lonely lakes that on their bosoms

Mirror the blue vault above them,

And the trees that on their borders,

Watch like sentinels around them.

Chief among them, Manitowaba,

With its inlets and its islands,

With its quadruple of rivers,

Three to enter, one to leave it,

One, the two-branched Seguin river.

In a shanty on the border

Of this Lake Manitowaba,

Dwelt this young, aspiring genius,

Whither went he with his parents,

When a little ignorant urchin.

Few the years that then he numbered,



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AMES ELLIOTT.

As a dweller on earth's surface.
As years advanced he developed
Quite a talent for verse-making,
At verse-making and rhyme-writing
Few could equal or surpass him,
His years and other things considered.
The result, a long-leg'd traveller,
Trudging, tramping through the country,
Bearing with him a black valise,
Fill'd with books of poems and ballads.
Please listen, friends, to the narration,
Told in Hiawathian numbers,
Of the incidents—adventures
Of this Traveller with the Valise
Fill'd with books of poems and ballads,
As he sought among the people
To find buyers for his ballads,
As he travelled through the country,
Finding buyers for his ballads
By the score and by the dozen,
Found a buyer for his ballads
At each house he cared to visit,
With but very few exceptions ;
Thus evincing that the people
In the places where he travelled
Were not mean and iron hearted,
Were not miserable old much worms,
But good, kind-hearted, Christian people,
As you will learn if you will listen
To the story of his travels,
To the tale of his adventures,
To his sketches of the people
That he met with on his travels,
Of the places that they live on,
And the dwellings that they live in,
And the treatment accorded
To Our Traveller with the Valise.
Yet, "No rule without exceptions"
Will be found a truthful adage,
As you will learn if you will listen
To the story of his travels,
Of his travels and adventures.

First shall be described his visit
To a house of entertainment,
In a long and straggling village,
Listless, lagging, western village,
Faintly stirring, feebly striving,
Very poor and dilapidated
In comparison with others
That dot our noble, new Dominion.
Its shops deserted, houses vacant,
Tells a story of decadence,
Not of progress swift advancing
With the strident steps of giants ;
Yet a few fine houses in it,
But so very few in number
You can count them on your fingers,
And have some fingers left for others
That perhaps may be erected
Ere this century is ended.
In the bar room of this Hotel
In this house of entertainment,
At the west end of the village,
Sat a lot of lazy loafers
On whose faces dissipation
Had set her seal with heavy fingers.
There they sat together drinking,
Drinking rum, and babbling nonsense ;
A worthless lot of lazy loafers,
Lazy, idle, dissipated
As is the fashion of these fellows,
With their fuss and fudge and fidgets,
And their foolish facile features,
And their funny flights of fancy,
And their flimsy faded figures,
And their frittered fallen fortunes,
Their fates fixed fearfully forever.
Here Our Traveller with the Valise,
Green as any goose or gander
That ever cackled on a common,
Brought his boot and begged for buyers.
Foolish fellow ! foolish fancy,
To suppose these dirty drunkards
Cared more for poetry than porter.

Yet one old fellow with a visage
Badly blotched, beer-blown, and bloated,
Did accept a proffered volume.
Then, unnoticed by its owner,
Slyly slipped into his pocket
The little book entrusted to him
In the faith he would act justly.
Foolish faith—vain expectation!
Can one gather figs from thistles?
Can one gather grapes from mulleins?
Or will pigs feel grateful to you
For putting gold rings in their noses,
As if to show your appreciation
Of their pedigree and breeding?
But the trick was soon discovered
By Our Traveller with the Valise,
And the book's return demanded,
Or that he get the payment for it,
As he had not the least intention
Of taking books about for presents
To give to lazy bar-room loafers.
But this dirty drunken dotard
This most just request refused.
But Our Traveller with the Valise
Still in his demand persisted,
The book's return, or payment for it,
Until success had crowned his efforts,
And the book returned to him.
Soiled by rum-soddened fingers,
This drunken dotard's dirty fingers.
Little longer here he lingered,
Quickly left this den of drunkards.
In no very pleasant humour
With the wretch who tried to cheat him,
And his course he then directed
To a store a few yards distant.
To the store of Sidney Barney,
A young gentleman of Weston,
A kind Providence watch o'er him,
Make his business quite successful,
Goods turn to gold beneath his fingers,
He took a book, paid half the money,

And sometime after paid the balance.
Then Our Traveller with the Valise,
With pocket heavier, spirits lighter,
Took his way down to the office,
Where Weston people get their letters
Small the office, but sufficient
For the business there transacted.
And the mistress, a nice woman,
Kind and courteous and obliging,
As becomes a genuine lady ;
And such was worthy Mistress Johnson.
And Our Traveller with the Valise
Has most pleasant recollections
Of the kind, considerate treatment
He received from Mistress Johnson,
While sojourning at the dwelling
Of his sister, Mistress Culham,
Near to Weston village suburbs,
Patient waiting for the printer,
For the printer, Mr. Morton,
At his office in Toronto,
To prepare his book of ballads.
Patient waiting for the binder
To prepare his little volume,
For its purchase and perusal
By kind friends and worthy patrons.
See our traveller proceeding
With rapid steps upon his journey,
And attending to his business
With exemplary diligence ;
Travelling round among the people
Of York Township near Toronto,
A wealthy Township—worthy people,
Those who dwell within its borders
Mostly wealthy—greatly favoured
Those who live within its limits.
Owners some of splendid mansions,
By broad acres wide surrounded ;
Large fruit orchards and neat gardens,
Fields well fenced and cultivated,
With big barns and other buildings,
Well constructed and arranged,

Every comfort and convenience,
 That the heart of man may covet,
 That the heart of man may wish for,
 Within reasonable limits,
 Within proper bounds and limits,
 Greatly blessed and highly favoured
 Is this large and noble Township,
 Near the city of Toronto,
 With brave and noble-hearted people,
 Good, kind, courteous Christian people,
 Whose wise labours and industry
 Crowns their homes with peace and plenty ;
 Fills their barns with large abundance ;
 And Our Traveller with the Valise
 Often gratefully remembers
 The good treatment he received
 From these estimable people,
 The Bulls, the Boakes, the Clarks, the Jacksons,
 The Duncans, Stewarts, and Mulhollands,
 With many others he could mention
 Did his time or space permit it.
 But whose names, if you peruse it,
 You will see within this volume.
 But three old patriarchs, residing
 Within the limits of this Township,
 More than deserve a passing notice,
 Deserve a chapter or a volume
 To record their deeds and labours,
 Fraught with wisdom and instruction,
 Wise life lessons, good examples,
 Their white heads crown'd with years and hon-
 ours.

William Magee and William Duncan,
 And a patriarch still more aged,
 William Jackson. All residing
 Upon the third and fourth concessions
 Of this large and wealthy Township,
 Maternal Township of Toronto,
 When she was yet an infant village.
 Now we see her a great City,
 Queen City of our new Dominion.
 And such results have been achieved

By patient plod and perseverance,
And Our Traveller with the Valise
Humbly claims for these old heroes
Their just share of praise and honour.
Could a Village, or a City,
Or a Town in our Dominion
Be erected or supported
Without a race of hardy yeomen,
Settled in the country round it
To support it, to sustain
With the product of their labours,
With their countenance and custom?
Honour, then, to these old yeomen
Who have fought life's battle bravely,
And all obstacles surmounted,
On the road to independence;
By prudent foresight, well provided
With the comforts earth can give them.
When life's evening twilight thickens
On the road that man must travel,
As long as Earth shall have existence,
May God bless them, and protect them,
Take them to His Heavenly kingdom
When their days on Earth are ended.
And they are gathered to their fathers
Bidden at last farewell forever
To this world, and all its sorrows,
All its sin, and all its sorrows,
All its sadness, sickness, sighing.
Now, Our Traveller with the Valise
Will revert to other subjects,
That tax attention—ask discussion,
And require some explanations.
Other things must be described,
As he proceeds upon his journey,
With thoughts intent upon his mission,
Selling books, and taking sketches
Of different persons and places.
Taking notes and etching outlines
Of his various adventures.
As he travelled with his valise
And his book of poems and ballads.

Few were those who used him roughly
 And refused to buy his ballads,
 Many those who used him kindly,
 Bought his book of poems and ballads.
 And he would, with truthful pencil,
 Draw the portraits of some persons—
 Some pictures of peculiar people
 Whom he met with in his travels,
 And encountered on his journey;
 Sketch their features and their faces
 And their figures free and fully,
 Not from fancy, but from nature,
 Just as they themselves have made them,
 Of as God and Nature made them,



Modified by circumstances
 In which fate or fortune placed them.
 Greatly moved to paint these portraits
 By the treatment he received
 At the hands of different people,
 Who from each other greatly differed
 In the treatment they accorded
 To Our Traveller with the Valise.
 Few were those who used him meanly,
 As compared with the many

Who accorded him kind treatment,
Showing they were Christian people,
Who had hearts to feel for others.
Among the former, one old fellow
He will sketch for an example,
An example and a warning
To others who may feel like-minded.
This old fellow, Thomas Lacquey,
Lives upon the First Concession
Of York Township, near Toronto;
A vulgar name and designation
Is the one that he possesses;
From old times the designation
Of a low-born menial servant—
Of a mean and vulgar creature—
—A fawning spaniel—a lick-spittle,
Waiting at his master's table
With a look abject—obsequious
For the crumbs that fall beneath it.
Prompt to do his master's bidding,
Caring only for his wages,
And for nothing else in nature.
Let Our Traveller with the Valise
Take a pencil—draw a picture
Of this fidgety old fellow—
An example and a warning,
As a warning unto others
Bowed and bent in mammon worship.
Here we see this grim old fellow
Placed on a pedestal before us,
While his photograph is taken,
As a picture for the people
Who may read this little volume.
A wrinkled forehead and sharp features;
His cheeks are sallow and unshaven—
His nose not Grecian nor yet Roman,
But resembling much in outline
The curved beak of hawk or vulture.
Slightly humpbacked and round-shouldered,
Long arms, with large hands pendulated—
His long, thin legs inclining inwards,
Where the knee caps are fixed on them;

Shambling gait and shuffling paces;
 An eye to match his other features,
 And this old fellow stands before you,
 Pictured with a truthful pencil—
 Drawn and outlined true to nature
 By Our Traveller with the Valise,
 Who now will draw another likeness
 Of a different individual,
 In strong contrast to the picture
 He has but poorly drawn and outlined.
 In truth, he likes not such employment,
 And only under provocation,
 Very great and aggravating,
 Will you find him engaged in it.
 Harsh the treatment, and provoking,
 He received from old Tom Lacquey;
 And a contrast to the treatment
 He received from other people,
 Good, kind, courteous, Christian people,
 And he's sure you will not blame him
 For confronting this old goblin
 With a steel pen for a weapon,
 With a pencil and a note-book.
 Here Our Traveller with the Valise
 Must for this time cease his singing;
 Want of time will not permit it,
 Want of space and time forbids it;
 But he hopes again to meet you,
 Ere twelve moons have waxed and waned,
 Before next year has quite departed,
 Hopes to meet you and to greet you
 With another book of ballads.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO PURCHASED THE
 FIRST VOLUME

CANVAASSED FOR BY OUR TRAVELLER WITH THE VALISE.

2nd Con. of York Township.

George Harrison

Mrs. Joseph Bales

Mrs. Brakney

J. McLean

Henry Stewart

John Peterman

John Simpson

John Young

J. Armstrong

Joseph Stewart

C. Armstrong

G. R. Rundle
 Mrs. Thos. Mellholland
 J. H. Watson
 J. L. Lealop
 J. Clarke
 J. Gibb
 W. H. Moore
 Helen Gibb
 Mrs. Alex. Gibb
 Mrs. Moore
 Mrs. Wm. Gorman.

On the 3rd Con. of York.

Joseph Peterman
 William Jackson
 Mrs. Barr
 Mr. Pratt
 William McGee
 Francis Watson
 William Clark
 John E. Clark
 James Brock
 J. E. Stone
 Mrs. Bridgeland
 Mr. Wilson

On the 4th Con. of York.

J. P. Bull, J. P.
 Mrs. Lennox
 Charles Rankin
 John Goulding
 William Boake
 Miss Fraser
 Robert Clark
 Peter Wardlaw
 Mrs. Ann McDonald
 Robert Bull
 Francis Jackson
 Miss M. A. Jackson
 Mrs. Jackson
 Robert Whittaker
 Edward Boake
 Wesley Clarke
 Bartholomew Bull
 Samuel Littlejohn
 Wm. Cane

On the 5th Con. of York.

Thomas Brown
 James Madill
 - H. Wardlaw

Mrs. Smithson
 Thos. Bull
 Mrs. Carney
 Mrs. Jackson
 A. J. Griffith
 Daniel Martin

On Young-street.

James Rutherford
 George Elliott
 Robert Elliott
 Dr. Brown
 Kate Elliott

J. Yale
 John Ness
 Mrs. T. Morton
 Mrs. Harper
 Thos. Johnstone
 Mrs. Thos. Legge
 Mrs. Gregory
 Mrs. Robert Boake
 James Brodie
 P. H. McKenzie
 A. Stocks
 John Stewart
 Walter Scott Jun
 John Hutchinson

In Aurora's village

James Coltham
 Annie Coltham
 Hattie Reynolds
 J. D. Eck
 Ellen Burney
 Ellen Harman
 Joseph Wilson
 Mrs. R. Brett
 John Field
 David Doan
 J. L. Stevenson
 Henry Mackill
 Edward Stevenson
 Wm. Linton
 M. B. Faughner
 Henry Danbrooks
 J. F. Graham
 John McDonald
 Wm. Willis
 W. F. Andrews
 John Tracy

Mrs. R. J. Evans
Lundy & Brother

In Aurora.

M. Lepper
Mrs. Halladay
Wm. Ough
Mrs. Harris
James Andrews
Mr. Wells
Mrs. Yule
Charles Knowles
Mr. Lundy
George Lemon
Seth Ashton
James Tinsling
J. E. McNally
J. W. Crosby
Mrs. Butcher
James Rogers
J. L. Sheppard
A. Wells
James Playter
Benjamin Pearson
Wm. Campbell

On the 2nd Com. of King.

James Masley
Kate Morton
Mrs. T. C. Appleton
Emma Magill
John Hainstock
Mrs. Clabine
Wm. Stephens
James Antony
Mrs. Kaiser
Mrs. John Waugh
Robert Boyce
Wm. Harman
William Smith
Mrs. Brimstin
Wm. Richardson
Mrs. Saigeon
James Wallis
D. Johnston
Mrs. John Folliott
A. Graham
Miss E. Lave

Miss Annie Tinkler
Mrs. Carscadden
James Stewart
John Cairns
Lucy Andrews
Sarah Saigeon
Ann Beynan
Thos. Folliott
Agnes Rogers
Mrs. Jep
Mrs. Thompson
George Masterman
John Beynan
H. Thomas
John Beynan
Robert Beynan
Mrs. Lanesdale
John Fleury
Alexander Fleury
Mrs. Ball
Mrs. Cook
Edward Clarke
Mrs. Gamble
J. J. Elliott

In Collingwood.

P. B. Collary, clothing and
dry goods, direct importer
Charles Patton, boot and
shoe store
W. J. Frame, dry goods,
groceries
A. Smith, salesman
McConnell, dry goods, crock-
ery
A. Gibson, grocer, provision
dealer
J. M. Fyfe & Co., tinmiths
and stove dealers
E. R. Lewis, headquarters
for grange supplies
Miller & Peter, the Bee Hive
cheap grocery store
James Morton, cabinetmaker
Mrs. J. Miller, dressmaker
P. M. Bell & Co., dry goods
S. Ditson, groceries, crockery

